BRIDE of BATTLE

A Romance of the AMERICAN ARMY Fighting on the Battlefields of FRANCE

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

WALLACE FINDS HIMSELF THE VICTIM OF SOME UNSEEN AND SINISTER FORCE.

Synopsis.—Lieut. Mark Wallace, U. S. A., is wounded at the battle of Santiago. While wandering alone in the jungle he comes across a dead man in a hut outside of which a little girl is playing. When he is rescued he takes the girl to the hospital and announces his intention of adopting her. His commanding officer, Major Howard, tells him that the dead man was Hampton, a traitor, who sold department secrets to an international gang in Washington and was detected by himself and Kellerman, an officer in the same office. Howard pleads to be allowed to send the child home to his wife and they agree that she shall never know her father's shame. Several years later Wallace visits Eleanor at a young ladies' boarding school. She gives him a pleasant shock by declaring that when she is eighteen she intends to marry him. More years pass and Wallace remains in the West. At the outbreak of the European war Colonel Howard calls Wallace to a staff post in Washington. He finds Eleanor there, also Kellerman, in whom he discerns an antagonist. For years a strange man has haunted Eleanor's footsteps, following but never accosting her. One night Wallace sees the man and follows him to a gambling house kept by a Mrs. Kenson. Here the strange man is attacked by Kellerman. Wallace rescues him and takes him to his own apartment. In the night the man, who gave his name as Hartley, disappears.

CHAPTER VII.

—6—

On the way to the war department the following morning he was puzzling over the affair, Kellerman's presence in Mrs. Kenson's house, and Kellerman's possible connection with Hartley, who watched Eleanor.

He could not arrive at any but the most fantastic solutions.

Kellerman welcomed him with his usual suavity. They carried up the papers from the safe; then Kellerman called Mark into his own office.

"About last night, Wallace—" he began. "Of course you acted all right, as you understood the situation, but there was a good deal that you did not understand. That man you took home to your rooms is a sort of international stool pigeon, if I can coin the phrase. Quite despicable—the one-time gentleman who has lost his honor; and dangerous, because he knows things that nobody would credit him with knowing. I suppose you wonder what I was doing in Mrs. Kenson's place?"

"Not at all, Major Kellerman."

"My dear Wallace," said Kellerman, laying a hand on Mark's shoulder, "I want to give you a piece of advice. This is quite apart from our work here. I don't think your qualities are adapted to headquarters work. Go back to your battalion—or, rather, take advantage of your friends in Washington to secure a good post"—he emphasized the adjective—"in regimental work."

And as Mark looked at him in stupefaction, Kellerman added coolly:

"I am not speaking officially, my dear Wallace. Take the suggestion as a friendly one. If I can make it a little clearer to you, your presence in Washington is inconvenient to me for personal reasons. I think you will appreciate the reasons—the reason, rather."

The man's insolence was maddening. Mark's impulse was to dash his fists into his face. But discipline told.

Mark saluted stiffly and went away. He sat down at his desk, fuming. Of course Kellerman had referred to Eleanor; and it suddenly occurred to Mark that Kellerman might have made a good deal of headway during his absence.

Mark and Colonel Howard occupied a small room at the end of the corridor; the clerks' room was without; between the two, accessible from each, was Kellerman's office, which communicated, in turn, with the Brigadier's.

Colonel Howard came in after a while, and they went over their plans together. They were engaged on a complicated piece of work, involving tonnage and computations of cubic feet of space for cargoes. There had been an error somewhere, and Mark was trying hard to discover it when the Brigadier came in in his usual irascible manner.

"How long will that job take, Howard?" he asked.

"Wallace will have it finished by noon, sir," answered the Colonel.

The Brigadier waved Mark to his seat impatiently. "Bring it right in to me as soon as you have the figures, please," he said. "I'll wait for it. Sure you can be through by noon?"

"I'm sure, sir," answered Mark, who was hot on the trail of the error.

The Brigadier withdrew, taking the Colonel with him for a conference. Mark worked steadily. The omission was found, the computations were balancing. A clerk knocked at the door.

"What is it?" asked Mark impatiently.

"A man to see you, sir. He says his name's Hartley. Shall I show him in?"

"Good Lord, no! I'll see him in the waiting room," answered Mark.

He locked the office door, went through the clerks' room and into the anteroom. Hartley was standing beside the window. He looked up sheepishly as Mark entered.

"Well?" asked Mark crisply.

Hartley grinned. "I didn't take the cups or the picture, Captain Wallace," he said.

"Well, what about it? What can I do for you?"

"Why, I—I wanted to tell you as much, Captain Wallace, I've sunk low, but not to theft. Only I didn't feel I could stay."

"Good Lord, man, is that all you have come to tell me?"

"Well, you see—there was something else, but—" stammered Hartley.

"Out with it, then!"

"I wanted to thank you for what you did for me, and—"

The man seemed to be trying to spin out the interview for some indefinite purpose. Mark turned on his heel. His temper was not of the best just then, and Hartley was the last man in the world whom he wanted to see.

"All right," he answered. "Steer clear of that woman—of Mrs. Kenson, Hartley. It's evident that she doesn't reciprocate your feelings, or whatever they are, and she seems to have some dangerous friends about her."

He relented suddenly, and, going forward, clapped the man on the shoulder.

"I guess you've had your troubles, Hartley," he said. "But pull yourself together, man."

The sheepish, unmanly mask dropped from Hartley's face. He caught Mark's hand impulsively.

"I'm a cur, Captain Wallace!" he cried. "I—I—"

"That's all right, Hartley. But, by the way, who told you my name?"

"Captain Wallace, don't ask me that! Go back! Never mind me! Go back into your office at once!" cried Hartley.

He broke past Mark with a sudden, spasmodic movement, gained the door, and ran down the corridor. Mark looked after him in stupefaction. Hartley had not been drunk, and his presence there had seemed purposeless. Suddenly, with an intuition of danger, he hurried through the clerks' office, unlocked his door, and entered.

The room was filled with a furious gust of wind. The mobilization papers were whirling on his desk in front of the open window.

The circular fan, which had been distributing a gentle breeze impartially from side to side, now poured its current of air immediately upon Mark's desk. The rotary movement had been stopped, and it had been set to maximum speed.

And this was not the small fan customarily in use in the little office, but a large one from the clerks' room.

When Mark had left to interview Hartley, he had seen Kellerman at work through the glass door that connected their two offices. Now Kellerman's desk was vacant.

Mark slammed down the window; there were two locks, and Mark and Kellerman had each a key. Nobody could have entered.

But Mark was positive that Kellerman had set the fan. It stood on a shelf against the partition. Looking up, Mark saw that there was a tiny hole immediately behind it, large enough to permit an inserted wire to push back the lever that controlled the rotary apparatus. Yet this might have been nothing but a wormhole in the wood framework of the door.

With a gasp of rage Mark hastily stopped the fan and ran back to his desk. He began collecting the papers. They had blown hither and thither; some had fallen behind the desk, some on the radiator. The floor was littered with them.

Had any gone out of the window?

There should have been two hundred and nine. There was nothing to do but count them. Mark began, but his fingers trembled so that he could hardly turn the pages.

In the very middle of this task the door clicked; the Brigadier and Colonel Howard entered.

"Well, Wallace, finished, I hope?" asked the Brigadier with the cordiality of one who has been refreshed by a good dinner. "Let me see!"

Mark turned the leaves nervelessly, while the Brigadier and Howard stood silently beside him.

He reached the end. He had counted exactly two hundred. That might have been an error. But the paper was not there.

He looked up to see the Brigadier peering into his face with an extraordinary expression. He heard himself stammering, fumbling for words; he stopped.

Colonel Howard sprang forward and caught him by the shoulder. "Wallace, my dear fellow, pull yourself together!" he was pleading. "What's that you're saying? Blown out of the window? It's the heat, sir. He's been overdoing it!"

"Very possibly," said the Brigadier caustically. "Pray have a look, then, Howard. Take your time."

Mark was searching again. He stopped as they came to the last paper, which was now the two hundred and third.

"It's no use, Colonel Howard," he cried. "It has gone out of the window. I was called out. When I came back the fan was turned on my desk and the papers were blowing about the room. Somebody—perhaps the mechanism slipped. I don't know. I'm tired—my God, how tired I am!"

The Colonel was pushing him into a chair. He heard the storming voice of the Brigadier a long distance away. Howard was expostulating. They were going through the papers again. A clerk had been called in. Mark heard something about searching the streets. Somebody was telephoning. And, above all, he was conscious of Kellerman in the next room, long before he opened the glass door and entered.

He was alone, and struggling back into the realization of his situation. Kellerman's threat and his refusal to consider it, the visit of Hartley, began to link themselves into the chain of the devilish conspiracy. He rose unsteadily to his feet, wiping the sweat from his forehead. Colonel Howard was coming through the open doorway from Kellerman's room.

"Sit down, Wallace," he said gravely. "I've been talking to the Brigadier, or, rather, he has been talking to me. You must consider yourself under arrest in your quarters. Now, how did this damned thing happen?"

Mark explained as lamely as one who had heard excuses of all kinds from soldiers brought before him for various offenses during his term of service, and waved them aside.

"You know what this means, Wallace?" asked the Colonel in a kindly, serious tone.

"New plans."

"Yes, but to you?"

"I guess so, Colonel Howard. And I'd like to hurry it through. Of course I shall want it over. I'll go home now, and—"

"Stop!" Colonel Howard's challenge had a triumphal ring to it. He placed his hands on Mark's shoulders and swung him round, looking straight into his eyes. "Thank God for that, Mark!" he cried. "I fought the Brigadier over you, and I'll fight him to the end of time. I told him it was a damned lie. I'll swear to it."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"That you are a frequenter of gambling houses, Wallace. That's the story that they have been putting over on him. You know whom I mean by 'they.' Washington's swimming with that crooked gang, and that story—well, they managed to start that in circulation and saw that it reached the Brigadier's ears. He heard that you were in a fight outside Mrs. Kenson's place in the small hours this morning. Mark, I'll see you through this.

Impulsively the kindly old man started toward the door. He had almost reached it when Wallace found his tongue.

"Stop!"

The colonel halted, one hand still outstretched toward the door. "Eh, my boy?" he asked.

"One moment, sir! I cannot let you go to the Brigadier. I have never been inside a gambling house in my life, but I was outside Mrs. Kenson's place last night."

A sudden feebleness seemed to come over the Colonel.

"Tell me about it, Wallace. Tell me why you went there. You know her, then? Don't you know that she's—"

"I know nothing about her, sir. I

The Mobilization Papers Were Whirling on His Desk.

merely ask you not to go to the Brigadier. I shall proceed to my quarters."

"You understand there will be a court-martial?"

"Naturally, sir."

"The war department hasn't much superfluous time on its hands to wash its dirty linen. We want to get ahead. We want to forget this. I think if you will send in your resignation—"

"You shall have it tonight, sir."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mark rushed to the street and found himself face to face with Eleanor.

She was coming out of a store, and going, evidently, toward the cab which was waiting against the street curb. They almost ran into each other.

Mark lifted his hat mechanically, and thought she was about to pass, but suddenly she took him by the arm, and looked at him earnestly, extreme concern upon her face.

"What's the matter, Uncle Mark?" she asked. "You're ill—you're looking frightfully ill."

"Well, it's a pretty hot day," said Mark.

"Yes, but you can stand heat, Uncle Mark. You don't look fit to be around. How long have you been ill, and have you been working all the time, and why didn't you send for me?"

"I'm not ill, Eleanor," said Mark, trying to smile.

"Then why haven't you been to see us? Have you forgotten our talk that night? What's the reason? Tell me!"

"Your father keeps our noses to the grindstone, Eleanor."

"That isn't true, and please don't play with me as if I were a child, Captain Wallace. Come, get into this cab at once! I am going to take you home and have Mrs. Howard look after you at once. Oh, you are laughing!"

It was rather a grim jest to Mark but it occurred to him that it would help to alienate Eleanor. She drew away from him and looked at him with those keen, scrutinizing eyes that had in some measure discomfited him at the Misses Harpers' school.

"Uncle Mark," she pleaded, "do tell me why you are acting so horribly when I am only thinking of you. It's just the way you acted that other night until we got to understand each other. And tell me why you haven't come to us."

"Well, Eleanor, the truth is," said Mark, "the work at the office has just about taken it all out of me. And then, in my position, of course there are visits that I must pay."

"Of course," said Eleanor ironically. "Go on, Uncle Mark. I shall see through you presently."

"But I have been meaning to visit you soon. Only, you know, I am not in any sense your guardian now, and so, Eleanor, if you want me to be frank, it is a little unreasonable of you to put forward my duties in that respect when I have no compensations."

She started. "You mean that you didn't want to come?" she asked.

"I did want to. But I have so many duties—"

"Thank you. That's quite enough, Captain Wallace. My conduct in intruding on such a busy man has been quite inexcusable. Good day, Captain Wallace!"

She made a mocking little bow and went toward her cab. She stopped and looked back. The brief anger was ended. But Mark was already free from that intolerable interview and stumbling homeward.

He let himself in, wrote out his resignation, and mailed it.

As he paced his room, pondering over the situation, it seemed to him that the key to the mystery lay with Hartley. Even yet he had not allowed himself to believe Kellerman a traitor. But it was essential that he should find Hartley, and insist upon a confession, both of his motives in watching the Colonel's house, and of those that had brought him to the war department.

Suddenly the telephone interrupted his meditations. A woman's voice at the other end was asking for him.

"Are you quite sure you are Captain Mark Wallace?" it inquired, when he had stated his identity.

"I am as sure as I have ever been," answered Mark.

Wallace receives a strange offer, which he indignantly rejects, and then—darkness. What happened to him is revealed in the next installment. Don't miss it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRUNE COMES INTO ITS OWN

Has Won Official Recognition as Confection Worthy of Being Served to Fighting Men.

In the piping times of peace the prune was the butt of cheap wits and the bane of the boarder. Now when the acid test of utility and palatability is applied the despised prune steps into the preferred class—at least on the American army bill of fare. It has won its way solely on its own merit. The counts in its favor are food value, tonic value and value as a confection. It nourishes, stimulates, and delights.

The surgeon general of the army himself testifies to the loyal and helpful support of the once belittled fruit. He has added his recommendation to the approving report of the subsistence division. This report tells us that out of the 1917 crop 20,000,000 pounds of prunes have been consumed by our fighting men. Based on size fifty-five, which is the trade designation of the average prune, the total number consumed would be 1,100,000,000. Placed side by side it is quite possible that this total of prunes wouldn't reach from the American trenches to Berlin, but each prune, no doubt, is doing its best to help the Yankee fighters cover the distance.

There would be a sort of poetical justice in the circumstance if the cheerful idiot and the other boarders whose table wit lingered longest about the patient prune could meet it over there in Flanders and in Picardy and find it honored and extolled as the food of fighting men.

Goat Furnishes Milk and Churn.

About 70 miles northwest of Mount Sinai—where, as you remember, Moses received the Commandments—is a butter factory, the machinery of which has not been improved since his day. It consists of a bag of goat skin suspended from a tripod of poles. The Bedouin women partly fill the bag with goats' milk and then have plenty of time to discuss the neighbors as they patiently rock the bag until the butter is separated from the whey.—Popular Science Monthly.

Preserving Frescoes.

A novel method of preserving frescoes, recently discovered by a Japanese, consists in coating them with thin glass, which is made to adhere through the agency of specially prepared chemicals. The new method is said to make the frescoes proof against the injurious action of the atmosphere.

CO-OPERATION IN PALESTINE

Three Thousand Jews Have Successfully Combined to Fight the High Cost of Living.

It is, therefore, with the keenest pleasure that I hear of the success of an experiment on a small scale under war conditions in Palestine, Norman Hapgood writes in Leslie's. Since 1914 scarcity, disease, depreciated currency, have combined to reduce the Jewish workers almost to starvation. During the war a small group decided to take the most immediate and effective step. About three years ago 450 workers formed a co-operative society in order to fight against the rise in prices. Each worker contributed 10 francs and with this capital of 4,500 francs the society began to make its purchases. As a result the members of the society were able to purchase four times cheaper than the ordinary public. This co-operation society, "Mashbir," embraces at present about 3,000 persons and has a budget of 18,000 francs. Their first year of business showed a profit. During the second year robbery and plunder by the Turks changed this profit into a loss. The third year has now shown them again paying their way. This society includes not only workmen, but also teachers and clerks. It has applied to the commission for a credit of 120,000 francs and for authorization for one of their group to travel to Egypt to make purchases. It is, indeed, on a small scale compared with the business I cited on July 6, but the lesson is the same: The strongest single answer to the cost of living lies in co-operation.

Quality That Counts.

It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle; for this is naturally pleasing to all, and every one willing enjoyeth peace, and loveth those best that agree with him. But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable and manly thing. —Thomas a Kempis.

Do Present Work Well.

Some people hunt more important work to do instead of doing the work they find to do. Any work well done opens the way to some task of importance.

Force of Habit.

"Ruth! I'm really surprised at you, putting out your tongue at people." "It was all right, mother; it was only the doctor going past."

Necessary for Friendship.

There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship; Truth and Tenderness.—Emerson.

Gift Suggestions

Acceptable Christmas Presents Any Woman Handy With a Needle Can Make

Table Decorations

In table decorations this year Santa Claus will beam from the midst of patriotic place-cards and the national colors mingle with the regulation green and red. Here are little figures made of crepe paper, representing America, England and France. They are simply little pasteboard paper dolls with printed or painted faces, dressed up in paper clothes and tiny paper hats. To make the table complete, Belgium, Italy and Serbia are to be represented. Each little figure might bear a tiny flag. They are supported by strips of cardboard pasted to them at the back and are to be used for place-cards or merely for ornament.

A larger figure of Santa Claus is also made of crepe paper with the help of white cotton. It is built on a stick, with wires attached for arms and legs. On this frame a body of cotton is fashioned, wound to place with thread. The head is a ball of cotton covered with pink crepe paper. The eyes are painted on and cotton makes the eyebrows and beard. Red crepe paper and cotton form the coat and hat.

Holiday Candle Shades

When Christmas comes all the candles deserve to be dressed up with new shades, and everyone is happy when these are among the gifts that the morning discloses. This year's shades are mostly made of parchment, painted with conventional flowers in bright colors. Whoever can handle oil colors and a brush is sure of pleasing friends.

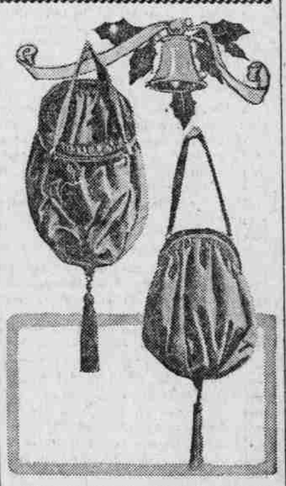
Hand-Knit Sweaters

One can gauge a deep affection with one of those smart, hand-knit sweaters that are worn by women, lucky enough to own them, everywhere. This one is made of turquoise blue zephyr with white bands at the wrists and across the collar. They are made in rose and white or in pale green or yellow with white bars.

For the Small Boy

Here is a tent made of strong, unbleached domestic, bound with red braid which will rejoice the heart of the small boy. It is about eighteen inches long and is set up on a frame of wood that supports a small rod of wood at the front and back. A third rod forms the ridge-pole. Four tape loops are stitched to each side of the tent and slipped over tacks in the sides of the supporting frame. A little flag, a pair of paper soldiers and a wooden cannon, make up an outfit that will launch a delighted little chap on a military career a half minute after he discovers it. The tent is easy to make and the soldiers are cut out of printed paper.

Silk Shopping Bag

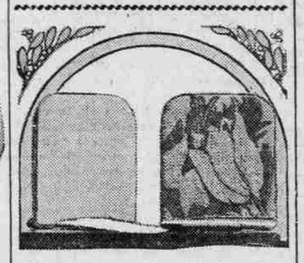


Whoever she is, she will love this shopping bag of taffeta silk with its celluloid mountings, but if it matches her street suit in color her joy in it will be complete. This one is of navy blue taffeta lined with bright red taffeta. The celluloid mounting is of the same red and so is the long silk tassel. The bag is suspended by a strap of the navy silk.

A Gift for Him

A collar box, a bag for brush and comb and a pad of shaving paper will please one's men friends, whether they travel much or not; but the traveler will be thrice grateful for them. They are made of heavy unbleached linen and embroidered with colored floss. One might embroider a handsome monogram instead of a flower design on them and solve the difficult problem of a gift for him.

For Book-Lovers



Book lovers will appreciate these book-ends, covered with tapestry and lined with silk, and they are easy to make. Among office furnishings the foundations of thin metal are to be found. These are first padded with blotting paper—glued to them—then the tapestry and silk covering is sewed over them and finally a silk cord is tacked about the edges. For a bedroom the covering might be of cretonne. The pair shown here has a covering of tapestry in dark colors.

THE MISTLETOE.

(Apologies to Mr. Wordsworth.)

My heart leaps up when I behold
A sprig of mistletoe;
My heart leaps up and so do I
When underneath a maid I spy
And I am all in ecstasy
And all my heart's aglow.

For I am very loath to see
A maiden standing thus unkissed
And so I let no chance like that be missed.

—Francis Vernon.

Sees the Dire Effects.

"Why is the doctor calling at the Twobble residence this morning? Is some member of the family ill?"

"Oh, yes. Willie Twobble sampled one of Mr. Twobble's Christmas cigars and is quite sick, but there is a bright side to everything."

"Yes?"

"Mr. Twobble feels sure that Mrs. Twobble won't buy him any more gift cigars."

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

SCOUTS ARE FINE SOLDIERS

A letter from a former scoutmaster on active service with the American expeditionary forces tells of the value of scout training. It says:

"Once a scout, always a scout. I meet the scouts in every town and have made many friends, as they are all like the Yanks. I can say advisedly that I don't believe I ever did anything any more worth while than my scout work. With juvenile delinquency increasing in the war countries at an alarming rate, I am just beginning to realize the greatness of the scout movement and its power for good among the boys who take it up. The vast difference between the scout and the other boy is not very pronounced at home, but over here it is glaring and impresses everybody. The boys are keeping clean and straight and will come home the same fine fellows ready to look their girl or mother straight in the eye. They will make great scoutmasters when they get back home."

SCOUTS TO AID AVIATORS.

In appreciation of the guard duty rendered by scouts at Day Flying Field, near Cuero, Texas, the war department has sent the following message to Scoutmaster Willard H. Green:

"A complimentary report has been received concerning the excellent work of your scouts upon the occasion of the unfortunate wrecking of United States airplane near your city. Colonel Pratt states that you turned out your scouts who took charge of the plane, guarding and caring for it most satisfactorily until the arrival of the wrecking truck.

"It is not unlikely that we shall need and use the occasion of instructing the flying fields to call upon boy scouts when necessary. The youngsters of this organization are imbued with a fine sense of patriotism, responsibility and manliness. It not infrequently happens that they can be relied upon under trying conditions to a far greater degree than male adults who are obtained at such times."

THIS ACT PROVES IT.

The Scout Usually Must Share in the Numerous Home Duties.

SCOUTING MAKES GOOD MEN.

The first boy in Washington to earn an Eagle Scout badge enlisted in the United States Naval Reserves as a fourth-class yeoman immediately after graduating from high school, at the age of seventeen years. He was promoted rapidly and recently sailed for European waters as a first-class yeoman.

His father's attitude toward the scout's service in the navy is expressed in the following letter to the chief scout executive:

"I thought you would be interested in the inclosed, as showing what the Boy Scout organization is doing for the young men of the country and the kind of young men it is turning out for Uncle Sam."

WHEN SCOUTS MISUSE AX.

The West side organization of the Chicago local scout council has adopted this regulation: "No scout of this jurisdiction shall carry an ax except when his registered scoutmaster is along."

The mutilation of trees in city parks and on private property has been the cause of much criticism directed at the Boy Scouts of America. It can only happen where the scout leadership overlooks the eagerness of the new scout to try his ax on everything in sight. Every scout should be made to prove that he is a safe person to trust with an ax before he is permitted to carry one.

DOINGS OF THE SCOUTS.

A boy scout in Portland, Ore., noticed two men running up the street with a beautiful mink fur. He gave chase, and upon displaying a police badge the two men meekly followed him to police headquarters. The fur was returned to its owner.

Boy Scouts of Bakersfield, Cal., after searching all of one night, found four-year-old Inez Costa, who had been missing for 24 hours. They found her asleep under a tree, five miles from her home.

Troop No. 2 of Raleigh, W. Va., acted as guides, watchmen and helpers at an outdoor entertainment for the Red Cross. They did guard duty all night to protect the provisions, using the United States army guard mount, with three reliefs, each scout being on duty one hour and then off two hours, five sentries working at one time.

The Boy Scouts of Bloomfield, Conn., have bought a baling machine, and all the waste paper that they secure is put into salable shape. They also helped to clean up the parks and gave a flag to the town on the occasion of dedicating a Liberty flagpole.

While walking past a store at night, Elmer Berry, boy scout of Troop No. 6 of San Jose, Cal., discovered a fire there. He quickly turned in an alarm, and with several other boy scouts broke in the place and put out the flames before the engines arrived.

The Memphis Rotary delegation took the boy scout drum and bugle corps to Kansas City to the international meeting. When they got back to Memphis, they had more to say about the behavior and efficiency of the scouts than even about the Rotary activities.

Reason is the test of ridicule.

"Ragtime" in High Place.

American sailors stationed at Scottish ports are said to be introducing "ragtime" music. Either the American sailors or the Scottish ports are behindhand in this respect, since "ragtime" has been played and danced in English and Irish ports for the last five or six years. What is really news about the matter is that "ragtime" is now played and danced by American sailors in Scotch ports under Y. M. C. A. auspices.

Instructions All Too Late.

Van was standing on the porch while his mother prepared his breakfast. It had rained during the night, and the grass and walks were wet.

"Van," called his mother, "don't go out and get your nice clean clothes all wet."

"I won't," Van sang out, and as he walked into the kitchen with his white shoes and stockings and little trousers all bedraggled he added: "I already been."

Favored by Nature.

"How old is your baby brother?" asked Robert of a playmate.

"One year old," replied Willie.

"Huh!" exclaimed Robert. "I've got a dog a year old, and he can walk twice as well as that kid can."

"Well, he ought to," replied Willie. "He's got twice as many legs."